olume VIII Chicago, Ill., August, 1931 Number 5

The Liberalist

LEADING

Forests are made for weary men,
That they may find their soul again.
And little leaves are hung on trees
To whisper of old memories.
And trails with cedar shadows black
Are placed there just to lead men back
Past all the pitfalls of success
To boyhood's faith and happiness.
Far from the city's craft and fraud,
O Forest, lead me back to God!

Mary Carolyn Davies.

Published monthly by

The Peoples Church

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... **Editor**
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... **Associate Editor**

Volume VIII Chicago, Ill., August, 1931 Number 5

MEDITATION

"Infinite and everlasting Heart of Love, we find it very difficult to find those words which are adequate to convey the feelings of our hearts in the prayer of the morning. We just want to express our gratitude for the inspiration which those unknown and unseen friends, many of whom we shall never know and never see, have been to us in these past years.

We are thankful for everyone of these nineteen years and we are thankful for everyone of those moments in the nineteen years where anxiety and care and worry and defeat and failure have stalked into the highway of our lives. We are glad for all the tears today, and we ask that we might be able to take the failures and every time we have been something that we know we ought not to have been, and build it into a fine expression of the things that we would like to be.

So, Infinite Heart, from out thy eternal habitation, look with kindliness upon our church, its pastor, its choir, its officials, its ushers, and all of the allied organizations of the church, may each of us realize that we have a tremendous responsibility here, that countless thousands are looking toward us for the right word and the note of encouragement, and, O, Infinite Heart, keep us humble, keep us strong, keep us with our faces turned toward love and life. May they repose in peace, all who have come into these doors and gone out again, and this place will know them no more. We can still see them sitting here as they have been in the past, but they have passed into the great silence!

May those who have come and have gone out again and have never come back, feeling that no word is here for them, no prayer, no music, to help their problems, may they be blessed today. May all who do not like us and who do not care, may they be blessed too today. May love emanate from our hearts and from this service and church to the people of every race, to the people of every creed and of every faith and of every religion, and as the years come on may its doors open wider and wider and wider and may our life be as large as life itself, and our heart reflect the bigness of the heart of God.

May there be no distinctions of wealth, may there be no distinctions of intelligence, may it be a great institution where all can come and go under the same influence and the same love.

Now, as we close this last service for a long time, and our radio friends will hear this voice no more for several months, and in the strange emergencies of life perhaps never again, may this final word go out to every listening heart, to every life here, may they know that we understand, and because we understand we have nothing but sympathy and love. May all who are sick, imprisoned in the tomb of pain, learn the art of suffering; to all who are defeated, saddened and discouraged, all who have lost, all who are anxious, all who are worried, linger on in their hearts and in their minds all during the period of silence, may they have strength and courage, and to everyone everywhere our gratitude and our love.

Infinite and everlasting Heart of Love, forgive us, forgive us

where we have failed, and sustain us even in our failures that we might hold up the torch of light and liberty to all mankind as long as we have life."—Amen.

"STAYING YOUNG WHILE GROWING OLD"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, June 14, 1931. Stenographically Reported.

"I am very desirous that these closing words of mine from this pulpit today, on the occasion of my nineteenth anniversary, should be words of an intimate and a personal character. I don't feel very much like preaching to you today, as we usually think of preaching, quite the contrary, I feel that I would very much prefer to sit down with you somewhere quietly and in a most intimate way tell you the things that are upon my heart and life, rehearsing for you again some of the ideals which have motivated these nineteen years of my ministry, tell you about some of my elations and perhaps a few of my delusions that perhaps quite a few of you are quite aware of, and in a quiet and friendly sort of way I would like to talk to you about them, but dominated by a great congregation, which is packing this building to overflowing, from top to bottom, it is obvious that that would be quite impossible.

Nineteen years is a long time for any preacher to stay in one church. There are two ways that it can be taken, either that the congregation is a long suffering congregation (laughter) and sort of feels that it is all right to "let well enough alone" and go on its way, or else the preacher is too much of a failure to be wanted by any other congregation anywhere else, (laughter) and he has to stay where he is. (laughter) But I have been here nineteen years in this pulpit in Chicago. My first congregation had sixty-two people in it. The first sermon I ever preached in this city, and it is a long time, particularly when you stop and think that the average pastoral life of a Chicago minister in a Chicago church is only seven years. There are only two other men in the City of Chicago now that have been in their pulpits longer than I have, during these past nineteen years I have had to realign many of my attitudes, but we have lived through together some of the great storms, both of our own and of the world about us.

But here we are, after nineteen years, and it is not the business of an anniversary merely to affirm a past, but to predicate a future. Now, nineteen years ago, I knew a great deal more than I do today. (Laughter) Ten years ago, I knew a great deal more than I do today. In fact, the first five or six years of my ministry there was not much I did not know, and I admitted it, and there were a few people foolish enough to believe it, but after spending nineteen years here, I have come to the conclusion that what I don't know is so vastly more than what I may know, that it is so completely dwarfed that to say I know anything is hazardous and dangerous, and one of the surest signs that you are staying young as you grow old is in that mental attitude of anticipation whereby you feel, from day to day, that what you don't know is more than what you do! Whenever old people become dogmatic, their age is affirmed, but whenever age ceases to be dogmatic and says: "Well, perhaps a new truth may break out of the sky tomorrow," then I don't care

how long their bodies have been on earth, their hearts and minds are young!

So, one of the ways that I want to stay young, as these years evolve, and one of the ways that I am trying to, is not to spend so much thought or so much time about what has happened, but what I can do about what is happening in order to help out the future. As long as we can do that, we are never old, my friends, never old, and the youngest people I know are not concerned about yesterday, but they are dynamic about tomorrow.

This week I was over in Michigan, where I always love to go, it is the best state in the Union (laughter) and I make no exception, I know you folks in Wisconsin and Indiana will forgive me, and I was giving a commencement address to the graduating class in Grand Haven. A very fine radio listener, Mrs. Briggs, who is a teacher, introduced me. She did so with an illustration that was very apropos, one that she had heard a few minutes before, where a little boy was once asked in school "What is an adult?" The little boy thought a moment and then he said: "An adult is a man who has stopped growing at both ends and started to grow in the middle." (Uproarious laughter) And I submit to you that I think that is the best definition of an adult that I have ever seen.

Now, what does that mean? Well, it is rather realistic in its descriptive capacity and it fits some people better than I should like to state. But to stop growing at both ends implies, of course, what the little lad's mind meant. First, that they are stopped growing intellectually. He did not think this out, but we are thinking it out for him. The top end, which is the head end, had stopped growing, and how true that is! I am telling my classes every night, these days, that you cannot do much with anybody over forty, and you can't! Most everybody over forty are what we used to call, at home, "sot" in their ways, and if they are "sot" you cannot do anything with them, and one of the surest evidences that we have stopped growing at the head end is the fact that we have become dogmatic about the intellectual territory and area of life. Then, of course, to stop growing at the other end means we have stopped physically. Why, our feet are almost becoming useless and we are losing the art of keeping our bodies supple and youthful. It is perfectly natural to mature, that is a law of Nature, but there is a vast difference between maturity and growing old. People that mature, mature with elasticity, but people that grow old get hardening of the arteries. And when the little boy said that they had stopped growing on the other end, that's what the little boy had in mind. One of the first and primary things about life is this matter of keeping our bodies young.

Staying young while growing old! Now, I don't mean complexions that you can buy (laughter) and I don't mean hair dyes that are for sale, and I don't mean baby faces, God deliver me from baby-faced folk for they usually have no more character than is expressed in their faces! I mean wrinkles, lines are sometimes the diplomas that have been granted by the great school master of life! I do not mean merely Youth, to think that we can compete with these youngsters fifteen and twenty years of age in the merely external, I don't believe that and I don't mean that, but I mean that there is a loveliness and a charm and a beauty about maturity that is related to growing old. Some of the most beautiful people I know are over seventy. Some of the finest personalities I know are also over seventy, and one of the primary things that we must all of us bring to this question of

life is how to keep these bodies of ours everlastingly maturing, but maturing beautifully. One of the loveliest little quatrains I know is this:

"Let me grow lovely, growing old,
So many fine things do—
Books, old trees, lavender and old lace
May not be new.
So why may not I, like these
Grow lovely, growing old?"

When you come to that aspect of life, then you are living life in its highest terms. A lady wrote a letter to Reverend Gordon Gilky, he had been preaching and she heard him over the radio, which is an illustration: She wrote: "I am 83 years old. I suppose that some people might call that old, but I am not. Of course, I perhaps have not kept up the external of my house by paint as it is so popular a thing to do these days, and the windows are in pretty good shape, I see pretty well, but Doctor Gilky there is one thing I have done, I have been very certain to keep a good tenant in the upper story." That is one of the things that I would like to submit to you this morning most of all.

You will remember John Quincy Adams—you are not old enough to remember him, but I remember him very well (laughter) he was walking down a Boston street and somebody said: "Well, hello, how is old John Quincy Adams?" The old man said: "John Quincy Adams is all right, the roof leaks a little bit, the shutters are rattling and the windows are dirty, but there is nothing the matter with John Quincy Adams. The house he lives in may be a little shaky and he will have to move out one of these days, but John Quincy Adams is all right." Now, there's a philosophy of life that I would like to crystallize and submit to you today in this anniversary sermon — this joy of staying young while growing old!

I remember an old lady of this church who used to sit down on a seat close to the pulpit, she was over ninety, and she came up to see me after the service one day when I had preached and she said —it was the season that there was a play down town, I think it was some kind of a Follies, I forget just what it was—"Doctor Bradley, I am very angry." I said: "You must not get angry." "Well, I am." I supposed she was angry with me. She said: "Do you know, I have been trying for three weeks to get my daughter and her husband to take me to see "The Follies" and they won't take me." (Uproarious laughter) That woman was pretty nearly ninety when she told me that, and I said to her: "Bless your heart, I will go to the office and get the tickets and we will go together" (laughter) I can see her smiling face yet! That's the right attitude toward life. You may be old in body, but keep your young ideals and the only way to keep them, of course, is to do what we are beginning to see—what an important part the mind plays in all this. No person, and I hope this is not bromidic, no person is ever any older than their mental outlook. Remember, you are never any older than your mental outlook!

What does that mean? It means gentlemen of the Grand Army of the Republic who honor me by being present today, that the problems of the United States of America under the present President of the United States are just as important to this generation and the future generations as the problems of Abraham Lincoln were to the generation that you came out of. That's what it means! It means that our future is of more importance than our past! And it means that the difficulties that surround us are the most important things that can command our attention at present. Consequently, to keep a mental outlook that is anticipatory of something that can hap-

en, or some change that can ome, or see remedies whereby hings can be avoided, is to keep verlastingly young. Gladstone as three times Premier of Eng- nd after he was 84 years old. ne of the youngest men in merica today is a man with the oungest mind I know, he has ever permitted a sectarian or ogmatic religion to stop his reli- ious thinking; he has never per- hitted a traditional political past o interfere with the fine liberal- sm of his politics. He did not top when electricity came in and utomatic transportation develop- d. He did not worry because he rubber plants of Africa were ying, he said: "We are going to o this, we will take the pollen of hilkweeds and we will make rub- ber!" The youngest man I know n America is the man with the oungest mind, he kept his men- al outlook—THOMAS EDISON! Always in the future, never in he past. Why, most of us could wither and dry up and be wrinkl- d if we talked about what hap- ened before we were forty. As a matter of fact not very much has happened. Maturity has not done so well as it might have done with this world anyway.

I have been hearing youngsters for the past few weeks and I have heard more advice as to how to solve the problems of the world, I am so full of it that I am almost nauseated, because if talk ever settled anything this world would have run out of it centuries ago, but it does not solve problems! When I hear mature friends criti- cize some of our youngsters, as they do so glibly, by saying: "When I was their age—" Well, what of it? What of it? Is there anyone in this church over fifty which would want everything they did before they were 21 to be told to the world? (Laughter) Now, you folks that are 75, 80 and 90, and we have got some folks here today that are 90, really, would you want it all told, I mean everything that you did, and everything that happened to you before you were 21? I would not! And most of us would not want it all told that happened **after** we were 21. (Laughter) When we are criticizing some of these youngsters, remember that we did not make such a wonder- ful world after all. Who has been doing all the voting? You have! Who has been sending all the Congressmen to Washington? You have! Who has been electing all the Governors? You have! Who has been sending legislators to make all the laws? You have! And it is a fine mess you have made of it! (Laughter) Who has been making all the banking laws in our legislature? You have, and now you "holler" because some of you have been stung, and I am with you,—I had two $1.00 bills Monday morning in my pocket! But who has been doing it all? We older folks. We folks over 40, this is our world; we have made it, look at it, are you proud of it? $300,000,000 to loan China at 2½%! Soldiers' bonuses at 7% to our own boys! You keep on with the international bankers running the world show and some of these days somebody will ring down the curtain, and that is why I have got hope in youth, I have lost all hope in some of you, but I have got hope in this great galaxy of young people. I looked into the faces of several hundred Saturday morning at the Univer- sity of Illinois, and when I saw them march by and receive their diplomas from the great Univer- sity of this state, I said: "There is the hope, and it is the hope, for the young men and young wom- en that will mature in the next 25 years in the history of America, are going to solve some of these problems, and are going to solve them in the right way, and they will make some of us ashamed of ourselves that we have been the puppets and footballs that we have.

Keep your mental outlook young! There is one word that

is never going to leave my vocabulary—do you know what it is? **TOMORROW!** That's my word. Even though my life is half gone, and half of it has been spent in this pulpit, yet the biggest word I have is tomorrow, Tomorrow and TOMORROW! I have not lost faith in humanity, and that's another evidence of keeping young. Whenever I meet someone who says to me: "The whole business has gone to pieces," and they say "What's the use?" do you know I don't really care how old that person may be in years they are really antiquated.

I know what conditions are. I am quite conversant with them. I am studying them all the time and I try to be helpful and encouraging in the treatment of them, but I have never lost my faith in the potentiality of human nature—never! I never was so sure that this world is going to come out all right as I am today. I never was so sure. Why the very moral constituency in this universe is to be found in what law? This law—**WRONG NEVER YET WON A PERMANENT VICTORY!** (Applause) That's the law! That's the law, wrong may triumph temporarily—just like you gentlemen of the Civil War, you lost a battle now and then, but you didn't lose the war, and crime is like that, we will lose a battle now and then, but never the war. Don't think that greed, graft, avarice, crime and corruption, these things, have a permanent grip on humanity, they have not! Do you think that treachery and dishonesty are strong enough to prevail? Don't you think that for one moment! This world and this universe is constituted on the basis that in the end right wins, and I am going to stick to that! I have stuck to it sometimes during these nineteen years when I had to just say it with my lips. I have had to believe it sometimes when all I could say was (whispers) "In the end right wins"—everything seemed dark everything seemed wrong, there did not seem to be any right anywhere, and just the moment I got it down into my subconsciousness this eternal truth, why, my affairs all straightened up, my own body caught the electronic force of it. Much of the rheumatism and neuritis, and much of all the rest of it that we have, is nothing more than a mental attitude. Some of it is jealousy cropping out and crystallizing. A woman that I knew "enjoyed semi-invalidism" until her death would have been a relief to her family. She became interested in writing letters to a lot of homesick sailors in the world war. I went to see her and she was in a terrible state of mind and her family told me that she has grumbled and grumbled at everything all day day long. Later I called again and she came to the door to meet me herself and I said: "What's happened to you?" "Doctor Bradley, I am getting better by the minute!" I said to her: "Of course you are, and you could have done that two years ago because there was nothing the matter with you." And she went on: "Do you know that I am so busy writing letters to the homesick sailor boys and sending things to them that I haven't time to think about myself?" THERE'S THE KEY! Much of the selfishness of the world is to blame for the disaster of growing old. Unselfish people never do grow old. I have never known yet an unselfish person that was truly old! Age that is selfish is always tragic age. What does fright do, or hate? What does fear, grief, worry do? Set up bio-chemical processes in your body that definitely establish the relationship between physical health and mental attitude. Everytime we hate a person we get another pain, and it isn't always "in the neck!" (Laughter) Everytime we are unkind we pay for it.

My final suggestion, and my

final thought on this anniversary moment is to be found in what I have intimated throughout my address of the morning: KEEP YOUNG WHILE GROWING OLD! Keep the mind interested in contemporary affairs and retain a confidence in human life. The moment you have lost your confidence you are old. I have had enough to floor me, I have had enough sorrow and tragedy and disappointment and failure in my life that, if I had listened to it, I would be in the sewer of life today. I have experienced this tremendous battle and I know what it is, and through it all and in it all, when I have had friends, who stood by my side, turn out to be ungrateful and dishonest and two-faced, when I had hopes that were dashed, and dreams that never will come true, I have experienced all these things, my friends, yet I have not lost my confidence. I am confident of this: that there is more sunshine than rain, more smiles than tears, more successes than failures, more friends than enemies, more love than hate, more beauty than ugliness, more life than death, and upon this philosophy I close nineteen years of my ministry and face the future!

I know not what the future has. I may never stand again in this pulpit, I do not know what is around the corner for me or for you. Life is filled with uncertainties, but whatever it is and however it comes and whenever it does come, I am going to do like Robert Browning, I am going to greet it with a cheer, and what they do, they will have to do to my face, for they will never get a chance for me to turn around and run away from life! I am not going to run from life, I am going to run into it, and I like Mussolini's motto, although I may not like his tactics or philosophy, and you will like it, you soldier men, that motto is this: "LIVE DANGEROUSLY!" Live dangerously! For all the progress that is coming to the world in the next fifty years will come from men who are not thinking with the crowd in terms of the status quo, or maintaining a present order, it will come from men and from women whose minds are young and who are not afraid to face the issues!

So let the way wind up the hill; or down,
Though rough the road, the journey will be joy
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy—
New friendships, high adventure and a crown.
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest
And the final turning of the road shall be the best."

EARTH'S COMMON THINGS

By Minot J. Savage

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet;
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,
In stars and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For see,
It is a flower that blooms at thy door!
Bring love and justice home, and then no more
Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought;
The simple duty that awaits thy hand
Is God's voice uttering a divine command;
Life's common deeds build all that saints have thought.

In wonder-workings, or some bush aflame,
Men look for God and fancy him concealed;
But in earth's common things he stands revealed
While grass and flowers and stars spell out his name.

OUR POET

We are indebted to Vera Flandorf, the gifted wife of our organist, Mr. Walter Flandorf, for three lovely poems published for the first time in this issue of the Liberalist. "Companionship" a sonnet, a bit of free verse entitled "Stars," and "Vision," a short lyric. All of them exquisit in feeling and composition.

COMPANIONSHIP

I cannot tend the furrow, as I plow,
When o'er my head an unseen sky-lark sings,
For blurring tears must my heart's joy avow,
And my hand quivers as the warbler's wings.
I cannot guide my share from row to row
In even lines, when morning's misty blue
Beckons, a luring phantom soon to go,—
My feet are dizzy at the wanton hue.
And yet, on days that are with gray o'ercast,
When no lark sings, no dawn in glory breaks,
I find my field a thousand times more vast,
With every ditch up-turned my body aches.
Labor is labor then indeed to me,
Without divine distracting company.

Vera Flandorf.

STARS

The stars, that in the night
Stand, sentinels, in the sky,
Torches of infinity,
Silent evidence of worlds—
Immeasurable worlds, unknown to men,
Listening to prayers
Poured out through centuries of groping thought,—
Shine through the day
Reflected on dark depths of my soul,
Confessors to my fumbling faith.

Vera Flandorf.

VISION

The snow upon the mountain top,
that will run down
In little streams, can it forget the
ocean's waves and foam?
And does the sea, that causes
clouds the sun to crown,
Know of the snow, or ever hope
for such a lofty home?
It is enough for snow and sea
that over them is heaven's
dome.

One life is quiet snow upon the
mountain side,
Another prancing waves upon a
sunny sea,—
Yet of the same kind. And who
knows if side by side
As rain they may not reach their
final destiny
Within the fruitful earth, to bless
the heaven of the snow and
sea!

Vera Flandorf.

SEATS

Please make your reservations for seats as early as possible to insure the location you desire. Seats may be reserved for the season for the morning service by calling Mrs. Harrison at the Church office, Longbeach 6878. The price is twenty-five dollars for the season. Payments can be arranged to meet the convenience of the seatholder. 1000 seats are not offered for reservation, but are always held to be used by those not seat-holders. Reserved seats are held Sunday mornings until 10:55. You will materially assist the church by making your reservations now.

SUMMER NOTES

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley are getting some much needed rest and recuperation at their little island home on Lake Vermilion in Northern Minnesota. For the first time in the 15 years they have been going to Lake Vermilion the heat has been terrific. It has been the

ottest summer ever known in the orth country. The lake, pines, irches, balsam, sunsets, stars nd moonlight nights have all een working a recuperative and estful change and they hope to eturn invigorated, refreshed and ested for the happiest and hard-st winter they have ever known.

For the 15th time Dr. Bradley gave the Fourth of July address at the celebration held in Tower —their nearest post office twenty-six miles from their island home. The day was bright and beautiful. The main street of the little town of 1500 people was thronged. A feature of the program was an Indian Pow-wow danced by members of the Chippewa Tribe who make their homes on the shores of Lake Vermilion. The Indians wore their native costumes and the dance of these "First Americans" on Independence Day was thoroughly enjoyed. Dr. Bradley made some moving pictures of the event which will be given this winter.

Dr. Bradley and Gov. Olson of Minnesota were the principal speakers at the annual banquet held in connection with the Minnesota State Division of the Izaak Walton League at Red Wing, Minnesota, the evening of July 17th. 500 delegates from all over the state were in attendance.

The day before Dr. Bradley was the guest of the Department of Fisheries and the director of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge in a 60 mile trip on the Mississippi from Winona to Red Wing. The trip was made in the boat of the Department of Fisheries. Part of the route goes thru the Wild Life Refuge which the Isaak Walton League was able to establish.

On July 19th, Dr. Bradley and Gov. Olson of Minnesota addressed an audience of 5000 members of the United Scandinavian Lodges at their annual picnic in McKinley Park on Lake Vermilion. Gov. Olson was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley for the day.

From July 21st to July 25th, Dr. Bradley accompanied by Mr. Thos. Ambrose, vice-president of the American Book Company of Chicago, made a trip to the Nipigon River 80 miles north of Ft. William Canada, on the north shore of Lake Superior, on the way to the Nipigon they made an overnight visit to Isle Royal going by a small steamer from Fort William, Canada. At Rock Harbor, Isle Royal, following the dinner hour Dr. Bradley gave an address on "The Religion of the Out-of-doors" to the guests of the Rock Harbor Hotel. Mr. Ambrose who is an ardent fly-fisherman was one of the 54 original members of the Izaak Walton League and spent two weeks as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bradley at Arden Lodge.

Dr. and Mrs. Bradley deeply appreciate the many cards and letters received from friends and radio listeners which are arriving at Arden Lodge. Many members are on vacations and to be kindly remembered by a post card greeting is a thoughtfulness which brings joy.

A PERSONAL CONFESSION OF FAITH

Worship, to my mind, is the one thing for which the church stands, its first justification for existence. By worship I do not mean prostrating oneself before deity, a begging for favors, a singing of praises. It means only lifting the soul to the highest one knows, lifting the heart that it may be touched with love, lifting the mind that it may be enlightened by truth. It is a communion with the ideal. It is not necessarily communion with a personal god. If the athiest feels that

lift of the soul he is worshipping.

Prayer, in the sense of petition, asking God to do something He would not otherwise do, giving him advice as to his course, I utterly reject. Prayer, in the sense of voicing our aspirations, is the greatest force that can move a human life. We always move in the direction of our aspirations.

We direct our worship not to a personal being, but to the ideal life, created each for himself. It has no objective reality as yet for us, but becomes more and more so as we attain unto it.

God to me is the Life that pervades all things, all beings. That life is touched with divineness as it passes through us, taking on love, truth, goodness, beauty, justice and mercy. I think of God as the Creative Energy, the Power that sustains the universe, not necessarily personal.

I do believe the universe preserves its values. I can believe there is a steady progress toward more love and truth and goodness and beauty and all good things. I can believe with Brownnig that "there shall never be one lost good." Every good act registers itself in character, and in the universe as well.

Jesus, to my mind, is not the second person in a mysterious Trinity, not God in human form, not one whose blood washes our sins away. He is the one who taught and lived the life of goodwill in such a way that his example has inspired millions. He is, for us, the highest expression of the one divine life that pervades all things. He incarnated universal good-will. Being purely human he may encourage us to climb to those same heights. If he be God he is our despair, not our hope.

The aim of our worship is to produce a new and a better understanding of life, a greater faith and trust in life if we but observe its laws, a feeling of peace and reconciliation if we take the right attitude toward our fellows.

If, when you leave this church you feel yourself more of men and women, determined to live life better, resolved to take your place among the worldbuilders, those who are striving to live finer lives and help the old world on to better things, if you have found comfort in your sorrow, strength in your weakness, then our worship has achieved its ends. The hour you have spent here has been profitable to your bodies, minds and souls.

You are better equipped for meeting all the experiences of life.

Rev. F. S. C. Wicks.

THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE

In these days of summer when all nature is clothed in the garment of wondrous beauty, may we not only have minds that are alert and wide awake to this pageant of beauty, but may we open wide the window of the soul to the deeper meanings of life and its experiences.

When the summer sun climbs the sky, when the days lengthen and leisure hours multiply, we are so prone to fill these bright days with a multitude of busy, hurried pleasure trips. Then the true beauty of nature and its real glory is hidden from our eyes and there come to us only careless, superficial and fleeting visions of this wonderful world in which we live.

Amid the rush and flurry of life's daily round there are so many petty details, so many deadening routines that we need the refreshing and rejuvenating power of quiet, restful, unhurried meditation by the softly babbling brook, the cool shade of great trees, the soft green hillside in the twilight and the unobstructed vision of the mountain top.

In these vacation days help us to find the healing balm for minds perplexed by life's depressing

and baffling problems, help us to find quiet hours when a fuller understanding of life and the meaning of life shall fill our spirits and revive our energies.

Let us not run away from anything in life; let us rather live our lives more abundantly that we may see its true values more clearly, know its possibilities more definitely, profit by its sadness and disappointments and know its joys more fully and completely, that we may rise above its valleys and shadows, and from its mountain peaks see clearly the highway that leads onward and upward, and so press on. Amen.

Paul H. Chapman.

WILL THE FAIRY TALE PASS

A Plea For The "Little People"

By Herbert Barnes

Nothing that bears the mark of antiquity goes uncriticised today. The Little Folk of Fairyland could hardly have hoped to escape.

It is a cool and critical and analytical age. The heavens are being swept by 100 ton telescopes; the earth is being searched by powerful microscopes; the stars have yielded their secrets and the earth revealed its microbes.

Science has come to dwell in the land. Poesy belongs to some golden age of the far away. J. M. Barrie is an anachronism. When birthdays come our gift-books to the children must be "The Outline of History," and Jeans' "Universe Around Us." Myth, fable, parable, allegory, poetry—they all must go.

At any rate, I find a writer in an important magazine confessing his reluctant conclusion that the fairy-tale has been outgrown, and that it has no longer any power to interest and amuse the children. Furthermore, he quotes the dictum of a great college professor who urges that Fairyland and "all it's utterly ridiculous tales" should be definitely banished.

Alas, poor Fairyland! Is this the gratitude that we who are now grown-up and so full of modern scepticism would return for the magic spells you wove for us when we were very young? I am glad that Eliza, my old Irish nurse, is dead. This kind of thing would have broken her heart. Had she herself not seen the fairies dancing round the Sacred Thorn in the old Irish meadow! And didn't she know someone who knew Finn MacCoull and was with him the day that he dug a spadeful of earth and threw it into the Irish Sea! And isn't Lough Neagh there today as a witness of his digging and the Isle of Man as a witness of what he cast away?

How the children of the land are to be put to bed in the future I do not know. If we do away with the fairies we had better complete the job and do away with the children. For my own part, I am glad that old Eliza believed in fairies and put me to bed believing in them. True, she couldn't read a fairy-tale, so she couldn't well argue with the great college professor. But when doubts crept over the sky-line of a little boy's faith, and he ventured to say, "Liza, is it true?" Liza would say, "Aye, as true as true," and the little boy went to sleep full of romance and wonder.

And that little boy has now little boys of his own, and he would like Eliza to know that he tells them about fairies.

Fairy-lore is as old as the imagination of man. It is as widespread as the human race. Some primeval instinct has led to the creating of spirits or sprites in the minds of primitive man wherever life exists. Fear created demons and hobgoblins, wizards and witches and all the powers of evil and darkness. But hope, which flickers eternally in the minds of men, gave birth to

fairies, the children of light and kindness to us mortal men.

That a fairy-tale does not appeal to every child is perfectly true. It has always been true. The child who lacks the gift of imagination can never get a thrill out of the transformation of the pumpkin into a gilded coach or of white mice into prancing horses, or of a ragged Cinderella into a Princess. But the child whose mind can visualize these wonders—what a web of enchantment and romance enmeshes him with the bed-time story!

There is something so satisfying about the well-chosen and well-told fairy tale. Man-eating giants can be dispatched with one blow of the axe, or tipped head-long into the sea. The evil-doer is always slain, or locked up in a mountain, or changed into a toad. Purity and Truth and all the other virtues flourish triumphant.

Personally, I advocate a common-sense revision of our fairy tales and folk-lore. The cruelty and wholesale slaughter may well be omitted. The primitive killing instinct is ingrained in us quite deeply enough. Rather than have Red Riding Hood's grandmother gobbled up by the wolf—well, she might be disposed of temporarily in some more ingenious fashion, and she might be joyously rescued at the close of the story. I am all for a happy ending. My belief in the Fairies of Light is so great that I want to see their powers used to turn ogres and giants into princes.

I hardly think the fairy tale will ever pass. It is a world of progress and change, but the imagination still lives on. The fairies, somehow or other, just keep on stealing through nursery-windows and weaving their spell And, somehow or other, in life fairy-like things seem to happen.

From all places in the worl comes a real fairy-story fro Pittsburgh, and here is the stor that the papers record.

She was a typist, ninetee years old, a Jewess, beautiful an possessed of dreams. She be lieved in fairies and in crysta shoes. And one day a prince en tered the door. He did not wea knee breeches, a velvet doublet laces and ribbons, shoes with sil ver buckles, a rapier with a han dle of mother-of-parl, a pow dered wig and a smile caugh from the skies. He was just plain, wholesome, modern busi ness boy. They had never met be fore, and they merely said "goo morning" to each other—but suc a "good-morning" has never bee heard before or since in that off ice. There were love and wed ding bells in that "good-morn ing." It was all too wonderful t be true.

But the Pittsburgh newspape says that it is true—really an truly true. As old Eliza used t put it—it is "as true as true. Cinderella's other names are Min erva Elaine Aaronson. The othe names of the prince are John K Raskob, junior. And the fair who got mixed up in this affai tied two million dollars to th crystal shoes. The wedding da is waiting just a little way u Paradise Road, close to the gate way of the Land of Dreams.

The fairy-story is not mine. give it as I read it in the paper I read the article of the grea college professor; and I read o the engagement of John K. Ras kob, junior, to the beautiful Jew ish typist. Can anybody blam me for putting in a plea for th fairies?

Editor's Note: Mr. Barnes i the Minister of The Church o The Unity, New Castle-on-Tyn England. Dr. Bradley has preach ed four times in his pulpit.

MY FRIENDLY GARDEN

By Grace Thayer Bradley

There is nothing more invigorating to mind and spirit than to tiptoe out into the garden at the first faint flush of dawn, there to await and watch the miracle of early morn, in the softest rose and violet—blossom into golden day. The night shadows have crept away like magic, leaving trees and garden in garb more green than they were at any hour.

Evening always seems a bit sad,— as shadows deepen, colors fade into somber tone, bird voices become plaintive and the wind sighs in the tree tops. But dawn brings new hope, new life, with the up-coming sun. Birds awaken with a gladsome song, and man, refreshed from his rest, with new energy, increased courage —faces this new day!

There is such a soothing sense of peace and contentment about a garden in the early morning hours, when an irrestible sweetness arises from the dewy earth. even the pine trees seem to give more freely of their fragrance; rich scents fill the air, till—breathing it one is carried by that magic power of perfume to other days—to other gardens.—Gardens of childhood where pansies all had smiling faces, daisies grew for daisy chains, and fairies dwelt in Canterbury bells!—Gardens of youthful dreams where there were roses and honeysuckle, and waxy white syringa scented the air like orange blossoms!—Gardens of memory where cooling fountains splashed in the evenings; where all lilies gave lavishly of their perfume,—spicy petunias mingled with sweet nicotiana, and the stars above in a summer sky winked through the tree boughs at Love strolling in the flower bordered paths—Love —listening to the musical water of that splashing fountain!

When I am in my garden a curtain seems to have fallen between me and the peopled world beyond, —the world of governments fighting for— Peace; of men struggling for existence;—of churches arguing and quarreling over who —or what—God is! One loses their worries and cares flee—in a garden, for there surely—if anywhere,—God walks!

I sat on a mossy knoll in my garden thinking these things, in the early hours before the teeming world of men beyond the hills was astir. There were various quivers and flutterings in the foliage, murmurs and soft notes at first, then as the home progressed notes as sweet and clear as the air itself, bursting into songs of ecstacy. A song-sparrow trilled his impassioned aria from a high branch in the Indian plum tree, swaying in the gentle breeze. Little yellow breasted warblers cheeped their cheery calls and warbled their songs. Goldfinches, darted from tree to tree like flashes of sunlight and rosy breasted robins chirped and hopped about in their distinctly friendly way. Butterflies as colorful as the flowers themselves and great velvety bees roused from their slumber, lazily flitted from delphiniums to petunias, ever returning to the lovely yellow "toad-flax," — commonly called "butter and eggs,"—why indeed shouldn't they breakfast there? Then came the pair of hummingbirds which have found my garden a delicious place all summer, when they arrive at their delphinium or nicotrana cafe to sip their breakfast honey, all other

winged creatures are put to flight. Never-the-less they are beautiful little things, tiny royalty among birds—he with the ruby breast, and she with an emerald crown!

So many lovely friends are represented in my garden, no wonder it gives us pleasure. Two large clumps of blue-bells—that are not blue at all, but a soft shade of violet,—hundreds of little bells born on tall graceful stems with pointed leaves, are beautiful to behold, and also the purple platycodon just now in gorgeous bloom, and the sunny mass of yellow "butter-and-eggs" that resemble snapdragons, and a clump of "achillia" in dainty, white sprays,—all these when I give them care and enjoy their beauty— speak to me of a lovely friend as sweet and dainty as the flowers,—Elsie Argow, wife of Dr. Argow of our church in Syracuse.—The rock-bed might never have existed at all had it not been for the rock-bed slips given me by Edna Eddy, the good little friend and active worker in our church and Woman's Club. In front of the rock-bed "Canterbury bells" have been set out for next years blooming; these and other plants have come from the spacious gardens surrounding the home of Judge and Mrs. Dancer in Duluth. Further up the garden a large cluster of brilliant red lilies gave rich color during June when the white daisies beside them were at their best. These handsome lilies are from Duluth also a gift from Mrs. Dunning. In the garden plot near the side porch is some more achillia and a blue delphinium from the channel lake home of the C. K. Andersons. In a shady place is some trailing Myrtle, and the sweetest flower of all—lilies-of-the-valley, which were lovely the first part of June, these were brought from the home in Linden where Dr. Bradley was born. We have an elderberry bush from there also which we are carefully nurturing, its first two shoots having been broken by something, to our sorrow.

The friends in my garden are not wholly confined to flowers— In an open space with a tall tiger lily growing near—the lily given me years ago by Mrs. Grahowsky of Eveleth, (Minn.)—stands a bird-bath of simple graceful lines, a beautiful addition to the garden presented this year by Mrs. Bishop, our friend and loyal member of the Church.

As my gaze wanders over the garden greeting the "friends" as I pass a slight sound causes me to look up—and there—high in the air, trees wallows rise and fall in wave-like undulations, their mouths open to catch the food they are seeking. Then—down they come, graceful and beautiful to the pretty green and white house atop a tall treepole. They light on the roof on the little porches, fluttering, twittering, in and out the doors they go, like young things playing a game. This bird-house was the birthday gift years ago from our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Harrison. And near by is another little house for wrens, added this summer from that ever thoughtful Miss Thomason, who is always doing some kindness for someone! Such a cozy little brown house!

Some little distance from the garden among the birches, held quite high by poles that once were cedar trees, is the large martin house sent by our good friends the Ports in Iowa, to the Church bazaar, purchased there by the Woman's Club and the Uptown Players, and presented to us on our wedding anniversary. Martins have enjoyed this spacious dwelling all summer, and it has been a lovely sight to see!

Is it any wonder I feel that I am surrounded by friends as I work—or walk—or sit in my garden? Rest and contentment are there. Birds and flowers are happy and satisfied, giving grateful returns for every little help from

kindly hand; doing the very
st they can with what they
ve.

When my happy garden days
e past and I am back again in
e city, often when in need of
quiet moment, I will close my
es and see in fancy every bud
d leaf—hear again the bird
ng and the wind in the pines!
h! yes in the city—I sometimes
ow wistful for my friendly gar-
n!

close my eyes. I do not see
he bustling, city streets;
or hear the sounds of passing
cars,
he shuffling, hurried feet—
ut rather to my eye there comes
scene that hurry quells—
ellow butterflies that sway
ear Canterbury bells;
he hum of riveters becomes
swarm of droning bees,
seems I hear a cardinal's song,
nd murmuring winds in trees.
he hurried, bustling city street
never see at all —
ut hollyhocks that primly stand
long a whitewashed wall."

THE BAZAAR

The Woman's Club invite all
riends of the church to co-op-
rate with them in making the
inest bazaar this fall that has
ver been held in The Peoples
hurch. Several groups are
working this summer on aprons
nd other practical articles that
will find ready sale and always
n demand. We hope that many
riends have remembered the ba-
zaar while on their vacation
rips, and that it will not be for-
gotten when jell and conserves
nd other home-made goodies are
ut up in little jars on the fruit
helf!

The Bazaar will be held the
hird week in November.

So—won't you get ready for it
ow?

We will be grateful for your
elp.

THE AIM OF A LIBERAL CHURCH

"A man comes to say of certain things that are mysterious, of which he thought he knew, 'I don't know.' Then he allows himself to be labelled an 'Agnostic.' No religious life for him. Another man suddenly discovers the abyss of actual woe in the world, the evil that, for the present at least, is without remedy. He is called a 'Pessimist.' Another man looks to the right and to the left hand, and for the time he sees naught of God. The final word for him is 'Atheist.'

"Now we cannot have a free expression of what people from time to time are actually believing until we get over our fear of all such names. We must have faith that is wholesome enough and large enough to keep us from being afraid of our own thought. The fact is that we are continually mistaking the passing moods of the spirit for the finalities of thought. These moods through which we pass have been familiar to the most profoundly religious minds.

"Now the aim of a truly liberal church is to so free the mind that men shall talk together just as simply, as naturally, as fully, about the questions of religion as about the questions of everyday life, that there shall be one place where they may confer together, where a man shall be no more ashamed of expressing his doubt or his difference of opinion than he shall be of expressing his agreement."—Samuel M. Crothers.

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"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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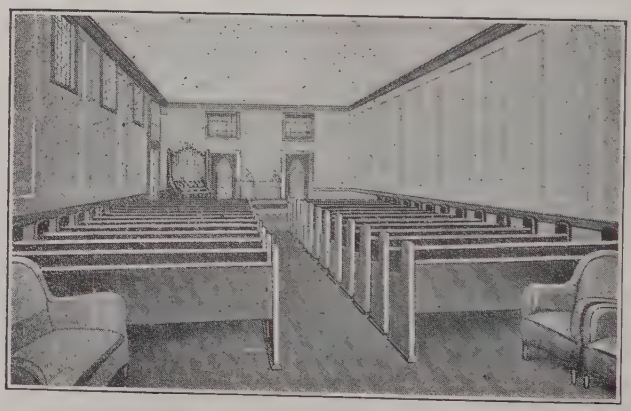

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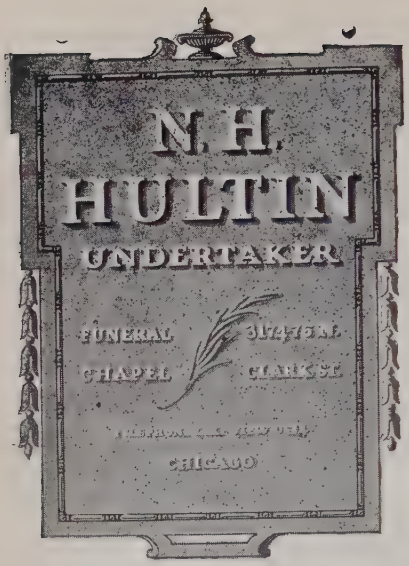

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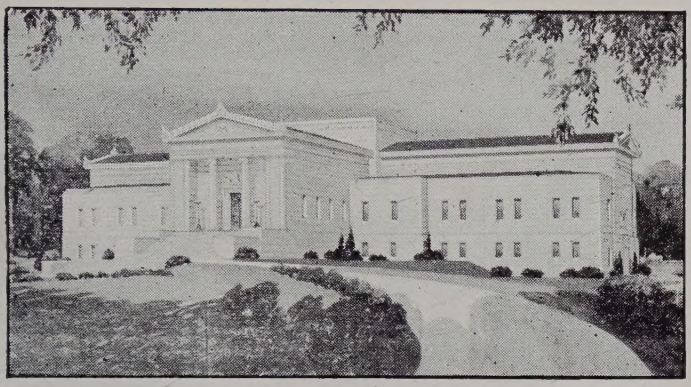

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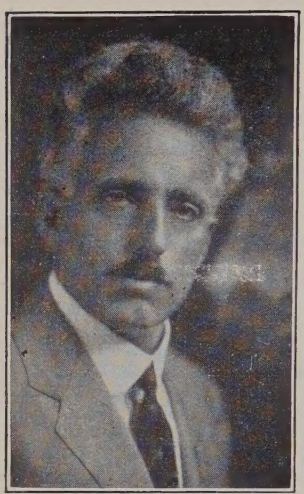

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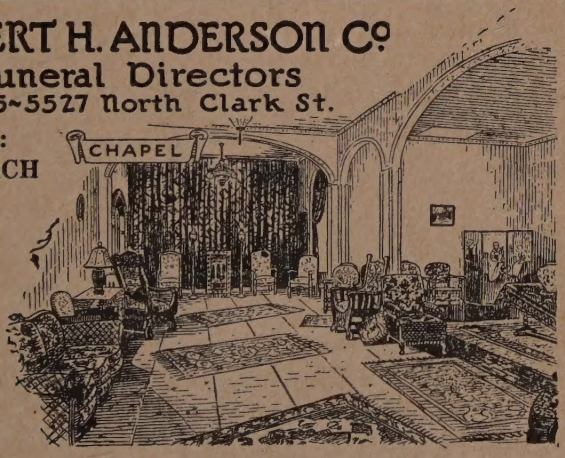

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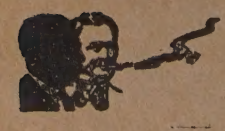

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